THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, April 15, 1805.

Narrative of the Shipwreck of Captain George Roberts, in his Paſſage from Virginia to the Coaſt of Guinea, in the Year 1721.

NUMEROUS are the diſtaſters to which mariners are expoſed, and the fortitude with which many of them have undergone the moſt mournful reverſes of fortune, teaches an uſeful leſſon of patience or reſignation, and ſhews what man is capable of acting or ſuffering.

Captain Roberts, who had been bred to the ſea, in the year of 1721 entered into a contract with ſeveral merchants of London to ſail to Virginia, and there to load with a cargo for the Guinea trade. Having purchaſed ſlaves to the amount of his inveſtments, he was to proceed with them either to Barbadoes or Virginia, as he found moſt likely to be conducive to the intereſt of his employers; and having diſpoſed of his live freight, he was to load with the produce of the country, for the London market. This was a complex and tedious enterpriſe, and fortune forbade that it ſhould be more than partially accompliſhed. Captain Roberts indeed reached Virginia, and purchaſed a ſloop and ſuitable cargo, with which he ſteered towards the Cape de Verd Iſlands; but here calamities and diſtreſs overtook him.

Near St. Nicholas, one of thoſe iſlands, he fell into the hands of pirates, and finding him a man of ſpirit and intrepidity, they anxiouſly ſtrove to unite him in the ſame nefarious confederacy. Theſe attempts he ſteadily reſiſted; but his unhappy ſituation rendered it neceſſary to conform more than he ſeems to have done with their humours and prejudices. One of the commanders among the pirates treated him with much indulgence, probably

from a wiſh to draw him into his lure. By the intereſt of this perſon he was to be allowed to go on board his own ſhip, and to be ſupplied with ſome neceſſaries; but unfortunately refuſing to drink the pretender's health, which ſurely had been a very venial offence, circumſtanced as he was, one of the piratical captains threatened to ſhoot him through the head; and after having inſulted him in the moſt inhuman manner, barbarouſly forced him on board his own veſſel at midnight, without proviſions, water, or ſails, and with only two boys to aſſiſt in the navigation, one of whom was not more than eight years of age. He was not even allowed a light, and his ſhip being leaky, darkneſs was doubly horrible.

That men of the moſt abandoned characters ſhould ſo far forget what humanity is due to their fellow men, as to expoſe any one to almoſt certain deſtruction, merely on account of a fooliſh toaſt, may excite the aſtoniſhment of the reflecting; nor perhaps ſhall we wonder much leſs at the romantic reſolution of Captain Roberts, who braved death rather than ſubmit to an inſignificant form. Sullen obſtinacy is ſometimes dignified with the title of heroic conſtancy, and many have been eſteemed martyrs in a good cauſe, who only fell ſacrifices to their own perverſe diſpoſition or unſubmitting tempers. We wiſh to eſtabliſh the diſtinction between eſſentials and forms; between voluntary and compulſive deeds. No external compliances can change the mind: religion and loyalty enthroned in the heart, may defy the malice of man.

Thus abandoned to his fate, and with a mind compoſed and reſigned, Captain Roberts firſt ſet about pumping his veſſel, by the aſſiſtance of the elder boy. Having pretty well gained on the water, day light appeared, when he ſaw the full extent of his miſerable ſituation. The unfeeling wretches, who had turned him adrift, had left him ſcarcely any thing to ſupport life. On rummaging the veſſel, he found only a few crumbs of bread, ten gallons of rum, a little rice, and ſome flour, with two gallons of water.

With much labour he patched up a kind of ſail in three days time, during which ſpace himſelf and his two youthful companions fed on raw flour and rice, drinking nothing but rum. But the heat of the climate, and the fatigues to which they were expoſed, rendering this kind of food unwholeſome, they made cakes of dough with the little water they had left; but this operation exhauſting their ſtock, they ſoon felt the extremes of drought, which ſpirits could not aſſuage.

Providence now favoured them with a plentiful ſhower of rain, with which they quenched their thirſt, and ſaved about a gallon over.

Small as their ſtock of proviſions was, they huſbanded it with ſo much care, that with the addition of a ſhark which they caught,

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it laſted them for three weeks. When famine began to ſtare them in the face, they had the good fortune to diſcover the Iſle of St. Anthony; but before they could reach the landing-place, darkneſs had ſet in, and they determined to wait in anxious expectation of the day. Thirſt, however, was ſo preſſing that the elder boy ſolicited permiſſion to go on ſhore for a little water in a ſmall boat, and to return directly.

No ſooner was he gone than Captain Roberts, worn out with fatigue, was taken ill, and retiring to his cabin, inſenſibly dropped aſleep. At midnight he waked, and running on deck, to his extreme diſtreſs found the ſhip almoſt out of ſight of land. Aſtoniſhed and afflicted at this misfortune, he began to loſe all hopes of recovering the ſhore without the aſſiſtance of his companion; and to aggravate his miſery, the ſhip was making water very faſt, and the anchor was out, which he had not ſtrength to haul up.

The danger of ſinking being moſt imminent, he applied himſelf to the pump, and in a few hours ſucked it dry. His next labour was to heave the anchor on board, and in this too he ſucceeded beyond his firſt hopes. Parched with thirſt, and without a drop of water, he now endeavoured to regain the iſland, and at laſt caſt anchor in a ſandy bay.

Same evening ſome negroes came to his aſſiſtance, bringing with them a very ſeaſonable ſupply of water. This raiſed his drooping ſpirits; and by the help of theſe poor people, who had been engaged by the boy on ſhore, he attempted to ſteer the ſhip into the port of Paraghesi. In the night, the main-ſail ſplit, which ſo daunted the negroes, that they inſtantly took to their boat, leaving Mr. Roberts in a more forlorn ſituation than ever.

Next day, while he was exerting himſelf to ſteer the veſſel to land, he heard the voices of ſome people in the hold, and found three of the negroes, who had been left dead drunk by their companions, from applying themſelves too freely to the rum, and were now juſt recovering their ſenſes. Theſe people giving themſelves up for loſt, when they diſcovered their ſituation, at firſt would render him no aſſiſtance; but on a little reflection, and finding they were near St. John's, they began to labour for their preſervation. One of them pretended to know the harbour; but when he approached the ſhore, he was utterly at a loſs, and inſiſted on running the veſſel on the rocks.

In this dilemma Captain Roberts threatened to diſpatch the firſt perſon who ſhould attempt this deſperate deed, on which the pretended pilot leaped overboard, and ſwam to land. Soon after the captain hauled in ſo cloſe to Punto de Sal, that he could almoſt leap on ſhore, and in this ſituation the other negroes left him.

That night ſeveral of the natives made their appearance on the rocks, and next morning ſwam to the ſhip, congratulated Captain Roberts on his arrival, and offered him any aſſiſtance in their power, if he would go on ſhore. Unfortunately he could not ſwim, and for the preſent was obliged to remain on board: but the natives made his ſituation more comfortable, by bringing him fiſh and other proviſions.

The ſucceeding day the weather looked threatening, and Mr. Roberts was juſtly afraid of being driven out to ſea. The negroes kindly intereſted themſelves in his preſervation, and after trying in vain to faſten a rope to the rocks, offered to ſwim with him and his boy to land. Unwilling, however, to quit the ſhip while a hope remained of ſaving her, he reſolved to perſevere; but next day, in ſpite of all his efforts, the ſtorm drove her on the rocks, which pierced her bottom. The water now riſing rapidly, the affrighted negroes left him; but as ſoon as the ſtorm abated, returned and ſwam off with the boy. The captain now conſented to leave the veſſel, when two of them, taking him by the arms, bid him be of good courage, for St. Anthony would protect him. However, they had not proceeded half way, when a ſurge parted one of his aſſiſtants, and had not a third inſtantly ſupplied his place, this unhappy man muſt have been loſt. At laſt he reached the land, and ſoon ſaw his veſſel part aſunder, while the natives employed themſelves in ſwimming backwards and forwards to the wreck, to ſave what articles they could.

Thus was the captain happily reſcued from a boiſterous ſea, and the attentions of the natives were exerted to diſſipate all reflections on his ſtill diſtreſsful ſituation. They made a fire to warm him and dry his clothes, and expreſſed their admiration of his fortitude and perſeverance.

The governor too, hearing of his misfortune, ſent the moſt humane offers of aſſiſtance; and he was now well ſupplied with milk and fruit. But with all the alleviations of humanity, not only the perils he had juſt eſcaped, but his preſent ſituation filled him with awe and apprehenſion. He was now fixed on a ſhelf of rocks, under the covert of others which impended over his head. Theſe roſe to an amazing height, and it was not without great danger that the friendly natives deſcended ſuch frightful precipices to his aſſiſtance, which it was impoſſible for him to climb; and as he could not ſwim, as they did, to a landing-place, his immediate proſpects were thoſe only of prolonged miſery.

(To be concluded in our next.)

PARISIAN

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

ROUND dreſſes are much worn at balls, with large detached bouquets. To make them more exactly reſemble the coſtume of the opera, this light dreſs is open at the ſides.

The dreſs balls are more in faſhion than ever; it is by no means the caſe with maſked balls. The ball on the firſt Thurſday in Lent, though numerouſly attended, was by no means as crowded as in the preceding years. Our young folks in general are not fond of diſguiſing themſelves, and our females are too ſenſible of their charms to conceal them with a maſk.

Beſides her antique lamp, a fine woman has on her dreſſing table a ſphynx in bronze, under which lie the periodical publications of charades and enigmas; an altar, or Grecian tripod, (in which perfumes are burning,) and the neweſt poem or romance.

When a faſhionable young man does not wear diamond, ſteel, or ſilver buttons on his full dreſs coat, he uſes gold or enamelled buttons, which have an aſtoniſhing effect, particularly if the colour of the coat be dark, and dark colours are the moſt faſhionable.

With a ſingle very flat curl, which may be made of falſe hair, a lady has ſufficient on her forehead, when dreſſed *a-la-mode*, either with a turban or a college cap. Feathers are ſtuck in the college caps, and ſome are alſo embroidered; the turban muſt be of a long form. A flower net head-dreſs, forming a *chou* (a bunch) behind, a diadem in the front, and open ſo as to ſhew the matted hair, is a very elegant head-dreſs. Numbers of head-dreſſes take their merit from collars converted into head bands, and ornamented combs into quivers. The hats in general have very narrow rims; ſome have none at all; they are made of plain or flowered velvet; a large bunch of flowers is placed in their front, unleſs the rumpled ſtuff which forms ſometimes the ornament, is preferred. The bonnets have very prominent peaks in the front, but are very ſhort round the ears; the greater part are made of *vigogne* ſatin, with white embroiderings. Many veils are worn with the lace lowered over the head. During the laſt three or four days, in which the ſun has made its appearance, toilets of the two extremes have been ſeen; ſome ladies were bundled up from the tip of the nails to the throat; others ſcarcely with any covering; naked breaſts, and arms half uncovered. With the exception of the border of marten-ſkin on ſcarlet, and white ſatin neck-handkerchiefs, the furriers have had but little occupation this winter. The *clouillettes* or peliſſes of white ſatin, which are becoming numerous, have for trimmings, roſe, vigogne, or apricot embroidered velvet

velvet and buttons of the ſame; ſome white baſket buttons have been ſeen.

Anecdotes of Lemaitre, a Swiſs of uncommon Strength, now living.

A Man of the name of Lemaitre, born in Switzerland, at preſent about eighty years old, reſides at Chateaudun, in the department of Eure and Loire, of whom the following almoſt incredible inſtances of corporeal ſtrength are narrated:

This ſecond Milo carried on his ſhoulders, in the market-place of Chartres, a horſe belonging to the heavy cavalry, to a conſiderable diſtance. Like his rival of Crotona, he checked in its career a carriage drawn by two horſes, advancing at a ſmart trot; he drew after him, with one finger, twelve grenadiers, one holding the other by a handkerchief, and remained immoveable, notwithſtanding their united efforts to throw him down. As active as he is ſtrong and valiant, having been once called on to aſſiſt as one of the city guards, in the ſuppreſſion of a riot at Verſailles, he purſued one of the French guards, who was reputed the moſt active man in the regiment, and having overtaken him, he killed him by merely laying his iron hand on him, for the purpoſe of ſtopping him. It was this event which eſtabliſhed him at Chateaudun, as he was obliged to carry the taper of St. Lazarus to Vendome, before he could obtain his pardon. During the revolution he was thrown into priſon, when this modern Sampſon obtained his liberty, by carrying the doors of the priſon to the revolutionary committee; ardent and generous in his friendſhip, he ſolicited the freedom of his companions in misfortune. Bentabole at that time traverſed the department of Eure and Loire, inveſted with unlimited power; Lemaitre informed of it, followed him in poſt haſte, and overtook him on the road; his carriage being ſtuck faſt in a ſlough up to the axle-tree, he creeps under it, raiſes it up, frees it from the ſlough, and as a reward for his ſervices obtains the liberty of his fellow priſoners. A fire took place at Chateaudun, horſes harneſſed to graplings, tugged in every direction, but in vain; he unharneſſes them, ſeized the ropes himſelf, and immediately the wall gives way, and the fire is ſtopped. In an inſurrection on account of the high price of corn, the rioters attempted to ſeize the municipality, of which body he was a member; he cooly ſtepped forward, and ſwimming through the tumultuous waves, he brought down dozens of them to the ground. He was inſulted at his own door by ſome national guards, who drew their ſabres againſt him; he laid hold of one of the moſt impertinent among them, and

wielding him as he would a club, he ſoon brought the whole party to their ſenſes. About eight years ago he ſupported three men on the calf of one of his legs, which was bent, and at arm's length lifted up a grenadier by the waiſt. We ſhould never end were we to recount all the inſtances of his ſtrength; his athletic form beſpeaks his extraordinary vigour; and when nature ſhall determine to break one of the nobleſt of her works, ſcience may, poſſibly, claim poſſeſſion of ſo fine a ſubject as a *chef-d'œuvre* for the ſtudy of miology.

Preſent State of the Province of Orange.

THIS ancient place has repeatedly been the theatre of triumphal victory and bloody carnage; but all the horrors of the Roman and Celtic battles vaniſh before the vulgar ferocity, cruelty, and blood-thirſty murders of the agent of Robeſpierre! It is ſituated at the foot of a ſmall ridge of hills, that run for ſeveral miles nearly north and ſouth, and on the ſide of an extenſive agreeable plain, which is watered by ſeveral rivulets, and by the river Eigues, which occaſionally ſerves to tranſport wares from the more remote villages. The extent, cultivation, and fertility, ſmoothneſs of this plain, the diſtant proſpect of the Alps, the flanking chain of hills and haggard rocks, the few new and white houſes, but above all the noble ruins of Roman antiquities, conſpire to excite the livelieſt emotions.

Its preſent aſpect is rather that of a ſuburb, conſiſting of ſingle rows of houſes, than a complete town. Upwards of forty neat little houſes have been recently built, ſomewhat in the Engliſh ſtyle, part of which is brick and part clay. In their conſtruction the idea of convenience and utility has predominated; an idea little known and leſs ſtudied in France. Some houſes have alſo been built for the ſilk-manufactures. Theſe improvements have not originated from an increaſe of wealth and population, but from the general deſolation made by the agents of Robeſpierre, whoſe treatment of the venerable antiquities and inoffenſive inhabitants of this town is marked by circumſtances of cruelty and barbarity hitherto unknown in the annals of human exiſtence.

One of theſe barbarians, cauſeleſsly inſpired with the moſt virulent hatred of the Orangeſe, determined to accuſe the whole inhabitants of a royaliſt conſpiracy; an accuſation their ignorance and incapacity rendered impoſſible to have any foundation in truth. To achieve his project, he commenced by guillotining five or ſix young men, to try its effects on their parents and friends; pity and indignation were evident in every countenance. The villain denounced them all his traitors; and after murdering above ſeven hundred in the courſe of a week, announced his

victory

victory to his worthy master, Robespierre, from whom he claimed the honours of a triumph. At the conclusion of his letter this wretch made use of the miserable pun, in allusion to the position of the guillotine, in front and at the foot of a mountain :—" I have made the traitors *pay* their *last obedience* to the *Mountain*, by making their *heads fall* before it ;" *Mountain* being then the name of Robespierre's faction. The general massacre and plunder of this ill-fated people would be too shocking to relate : it is the interest of society to be ignorant of the extent of the crimes of such barbarians. Men, women, and children were sacrificed, and their houses levelled to the ground !

The Romans conquered the Allobroges here, repaired the town, raised fortifications, built an amphitheatre, an aqueduct, public baths, and erected a superb triumphal arch, which have survived the ravages of the Goths. Orange was for two centuries the property of the house of Nassau, until Louis XIV. took it from William III. and dismantled its fortifications and other antiquities, except the triumphal arch, which yet exists. By the best-informed antiquaries, this arch is supposed to have been erected for Caius Marius and Lutatius Catulus, after they had vanquished the Teutons and Cimbres. Among the trophies of war, the word *Mario* is still legible, and a woman looking out of a window, supposed to be Martha the Syrian, a famous divineress, whom Marius always consulted before undertaking any thing of consequence. The arch is a segment of a circle, about six feet in diameter, supported by two quadrangular pillars about eighteen feet high and six in diameter; the entablature may be nine feet by twelve, and well filled with basso-relievos, which have been at once master-pieces of art and ingenuity; the whole structure is about thirty-six feet high. These vulgar, furious barbarians, when they were unable to destroy this noble pile of Roman industry and genius like the poor people's cottages, amused themselves by throwing stones against the figures, and thus rendering them no longer distinguishable. Indeed it is difficult to avoid remarking, that the uniform conduct both of the ancient and modern French has been that of demolishing and defacing every work of excellence immediately after their victories : their successes have ever been the prelude to destruction; those of the English to melioration.

Agriculture is the principal resource of this people ; but, notwithstanding the abundance of water, the land is neither very well cultivated nor very fertile ; and though a valley, it does not produce bread enough for the diminished inhabitants. Some silk, hats, and shoes, are manufactured here for the use of the surrounding villagers. The government has estimated the number of its inhabitants, at different periods, from 5 to 8000 persons, and demanded conscripts in proportion. The best-informed and most accurate, impartial observers agree, that it has lost from

one fifth to one fourth of its inhabitants by the guillotine; and the actual number of ſouls is about 3700. It pays 9000l. contribution to the government, and 500l. to the civil and legal officers and ſchools of public inſtruction. As to the latter, the people have been obliged to pay for them regularly, and they have always made a figure among the ſplendid acts of munificence of the republic; but neither in Vienna, Valence, or Orange, have they ever had any other exiſtence than in the official reports of the increaſing population and felicity of the French government.

ANECDOTES *of* PRINCE KAUNITZ.

[From an Itinerary from London to Conſtantinople, lately publiſhed.]

HAVING heard ſo many anecdotes of Prince Kaunitz, who had now been imperial miniſter of ſtate for forty years, I availed myſelf of an opportunity of ſeeing him in his riding-ſchool, taking his daily exerciſe. Although nearly fourſcore years old, he ſate his horſe perpendicularly, and as if he could not ſtoop. I never ſaw a countenance or figure marked by ſo much pride. Wolſey himſelf could not have had more. Kaunitz is certainly the greater miniſter in talents and in power. Wolſey retained an influence over a prince, at that time, indolent and luxurious; but this ſtateſman has abſolutely governed three ſovereigns, very oppoſite in character, but all active, and retains the helm even under a fourth. Scarcely a traveller has viſited Vienna without an anecdote of Prince Kaunitz, which confirms the unbounded ſupercilioufneſs which he diſplays in the common occurrences of life.

When the Empreſs Maria Thereſa gave him an audience in a room with the windows cloſed, he never failed to open them before he entered on buſineſs. He received the queen of Naples in bed, and told her that ſhe ſtaid too long. When the princes of the empire dined with him, he pretended that he did not remember their titles, and purpoſely miſcalled them. When the deſert came on the table, the apparatus for cleaning his teeth appeared likewiſe; and he performed the offices of the toilette, without noticing his gueſts, were they of the higheſt rank.

I muſt tell my ſtory of him too, which has not yet been in print:—as he had oppoſed to the utmoſt the pontifical viſit of Pius the VI. to the Emperor Joſeph II. he determined that the court of Vienna ſhould not receive him as pope, and that in converſation he ſhould only be ſtyled as any other clergyman,—Signor Abbàte. Pius (then not humbled by misfortune) felt

infinite mortification, and reſolved on ſome retaliation. Having been informed, that Kaunitz never advanced farther than the firſt ſtep of his great ſtair-caſe when a viſitor of rank took leave; that he had a collection of bad paintings which he valued highly, and that he could not hear of death with compoſure, he availed himſelf of all theſe circumſtances at once. On the morning fixed for his departure towards Rome, he ſent to Prince Kaunitz, requeſting leave to ſee his collection, which was moſt readily granted. After the moſt fulſome compliments on his taſte in *vertu*, the pope artfully protracted the converſation, 'till the haughty prince found himſelf encircled by courtiers at the bottom of the ſtairs, when the pope turned ſhort, and ſaid, in a loud and ſarcaſtic tone,—" But your highneſs ſhould recollect, that theſe fine things are of little conſequence to us old men, who have each of us a foot in the grave." No embarraſſment could exceed that of Kaunitz, which was not a little increaſed by the certainty of this affair being circulated through every ſociety in Vienna.

Prince Kaunitz died towards the end of 1794; and it is believed that his death was haſtened by regret, that his ſon was found to be connected with others of the nobility, who were impeached on account of their Jacobin principles, and as favourers of the French cauſe.

Outlines of an intereſting Publication by Sir Joſeph Banks, on the Diſeaſe in Corn, called by Farmers the Blight, the Mildew, and the Ruſt.

BOTANISTS have long known that the blight in corn is occaſioned by the growth of a minute paraſitic fungus or muſhroom on the leaves, ſtems, and glumes, of the living plants; in other words, botaniſts have found that in thoſe inſtances, where a blight in corn has taken place, there is found growing in the ſtraw of the corn, a plant ſomewhat like moſs on trees, or muſhrooms on land, and therefore Sir Joſeph Banks has offered to the conſideration of farmers, engravings of the plant itſelf. By a common magnifying glaſs you may ſee a ſtriped appearance on the ſurface of the ſtraw; this is cauſed by alternate longitudinal partitions of the bark—the one imperforate and the other furniſhed with one or two rows of pores or mouths, ſhut in dry, and open in wet weather. By theſe pores, which exiſt only on the leaves and glumes, it is preſumed that the ſeeds of the fungus gain admiſſion, and at the bottom of the hollows to which they lead, they germinate and puſh their minute roots into the cellular texture beyond the bark, where they draw the nouriſhment by intercepting the ſap that was intended by nature for

for the nutriment of the grain; the corn of courſe becomes ſhrivelled in proportion as the fungi (the plants growing on the ſtraw) are more or leſs numerous. Hence the lighter the corn, the leſs is the proportion of flour to bran. Some corn of laſt year's growth would not yield a ſtone of flour from a ſack of wheat, and no doubt, in ſome caſes, the corn was ſo completely robbed of its flour by the fungus, that, had it been thraſhed and carried to mill, the proprietor would have found the produce bran only, with ſcarce an atom of flour for each grain.

The next obſervation is, that every ſpecies of corn is ſubject to the blight; that ſpring corn is leſs damaged by it than winter, and rye leſs than wheat. The ſpring wheat of Lincolnſhire was not ſhrivelled laſt year, though the ſtraw was in ſome degree infected. Barley was in ſome places conſiderably ſpotted; but the whole of that grain being enveloped in the baſis of the leaf, the fungus can in no caſe gain admittance to the ſtraw. Barley, however, has riſen lighter from the flail this year than was expected.

Moſt probably the leaf of the corn is firſt infected before it ſhoots up into ſtraw, and the fungus is then of an orange colour; after the ſtraw has become yellow, the fungus aſſumes a deep chocolate colour; each individual is ſo ſmall, that every pore on a ſtraw will produce from twenty to forty fungi, and every one of theſe will produce at leaſt one hundred ſeeds; hence a few diſeaſed plants muſt very ſoon infect a whole field of corn.

Farmers have long admitted that wheat in the neighbourhood of a barberry buſh ſeldom eſcapes the blight. Botaniſts obſerve that the leaves of the barberry are ſubject to the attack of a yellow paraſitic fungus, larger, but otherwiſe much reſembling the ruſt in corn. Moſt probably the fungus of the barberry and that of wheat are the ſame ſpecies, and the ſeed is transferred from the barberry to the corn; thus miſſetoe delights to grow on the apple and hawthorn, but it flouriſhes occaſionally on trees widely different in their nature from both of theſe.

Sir Joſeph then offers a few conjectures reſpecting the malady. He obſerves, that early in the ſpring the fungus will require as many weeks to bring it to maturity as it does days in the heats of autumn; but a few plants of wheat infected are ſufficient, if the fungus ripens its ſeed, to ſpread the malady over a whole pariſh.

The chocolate coloured blight is little obſerved 'till the corn is approaching very nearly to ripeneſs; it appears then in the field in ſpots, which increaſe very rapidly in ſize, and are in calm weathers ſomewhat circular, as if the diſeaſe took its origin from a central poſition. May it not happen then that the fungus is brought into the field in a few ſtalks of infected ſtraw, uncorrupted among the maſs of dung laid in the ground at the time of

ſowing? Againſt which Sir Joſeph urges, that the clover lays, on which no dung from the yard was uſed, were as much infected laſt autumn twelvemonth as the manured graſs.

An obſervation then is offered for farmers, whether cattle in the ſtraw yard thrive better or worſe on blighted than on healthy ſtraw?

Next comes an important fact, that the ſeeds of wheat rendered ſo lean and ſhrivelled, that ſcarce any flour fit for bread can be obtained by grinding them will, except in the very worſt caſes, anſwer the purpoſe of ſeed corn as well as the faireſt and plumpeſt ſample, and in ſome reſpects better, for three buſhels of ſuch corn will go as far in ſowing land as four buſhels of large grain. The ſmall grains towards the top of an ear of wheat have an ample abundance for all purpoſes of vegetation.

Obſervations upon this treatiſe, tending to produce a preventive or cure, are of infinite importance (as every houſeholder at preſent feels) to the welfare of the public.

Sketch of the Eruptions of Ætna on Record, as enumerated by Fazellus, together with thoſe which have occurred ſince his Time.

BEING ignorant of the date of the firſt eruption, he begins by obſerving, as Pauſanias alſo has done, that in the time of the Sicani, who, after the aborigines, were maſters of all Sicily, the continual and deſtructive eruptions of the mountain obliged the inhabitants to retire from the eaſt ſide of the iſland, as moſt expoſed to its malignant effects, to the weſt ſide. The Siculi, or Sicilians, who ſucceeded in the domination of the iſland to the Sicani, have left no preciſe dates of eruptions; but when the Greeks were maſters of the iſland, three happened between the time of their firſt arrival and the ſixth year of the Peloponneſian war; that is between the years 730 and 430 before Chriſt. Others followed in 402, 152, and 125. This laſt was ſo peculiarly fatal to the city of Catania, that the Roman ſenate, in commiſeration of the injuries they had ſuſtained by it, remitted all tribute due from the inhabitants to the republic for ten years. This and the two following were, probably, the eruptions that buried thoſe parts of old Catania, from which the late prince of Biſcarri drew the antiquities with which his muſeum is ſtored. For the next recorded by Fazellus happened in the reign of Caligula. Another in A. D. 254. Among a variety of others, not ſpecifically dated, one occurred in which the lava flowed into the ſea, and filled up the harbour of Catania: an irreparable injury, as this fine city, though built even on the water's edge,

edge, has no port, or harbour, whatever. Other eruptions happened in 1169, 1329, and 1444. From this time, for ſome years, the mountain ceaſed to emit fire or ſmoke; inſomuch, that the mountaineers occaſionally explored the crater without inconvenience. But, as the hiſtorian expreſſes himſelf, "inconſtans hæc manſuetudo fuit," for a terrible eruption happened in 1536. In too curiouſly exploring the mountain, about this time, a learned phyſician of this country loſt his life.

This eruption was ſucceeded by one in 1537. Since the time of our hiſtorian, a moſt deſtructive one happened in 1669. This broke out from the ſide of the mountain, as moſt preceding ones had done, at the diſtance of fourteen miles from the ſummit:—a ſmall crater mountain, now called Monte Roſſo, from its red calcined hue, one mile in circumference at its baſe, was formed on this occaſion, out of which flowed a tremendous torrent of fiery lava, half a mile broad, that overwhelmed a great part of the city of Catania, and there met the ſea.

There ſtands in Catania a ſmall old caſtle, round which this lava chanced to form almoſt a complete *detour*, leaving the caſtle itſelf, built of hewn blocks of former lavas, uninjured. This is the ſtream whoſe hideous deformity at this day, devoid of vegetable depoſit, ſtill diſfigures the ſouth and weſtern border of Catania, and on which a conſiderable part of the new and noble city of modern Catania is erected.

Another great ſtream of lava iſſued from the mountain in 1693, accompanied by an earthquake, which proved fatal to a great part of Catania, and to ſome thouſands of its inhabitants. Other ſtreams of lava have burſt from the mountain ſince that period, but productive of leſs extenſive deſolation. One of very recent date, that ſkirted the borders of Bronti, the eſtate granted by the king of Naples, with the title, to Lord Nelſon, was viſible from the ſpot where we made our repaſt. This and other objects we enjoyed the view of, 'till the neceſſity of a ſpeedy return to our convent obliged us to reſume our ride down the mountain. We re-mounted our mules, and almoſt overcome with the heat of the ſun in traverſing a hideous plain of cinereous lava, two miles broad at the foot of the mountain, we reached the convent at ſix in the evening.

Next morning a ſlight fever detained me at the convent, which increaſed towards night. I remained, therefore, alone to recover in this quiet little retirement for four days; mean time, my feet ſuffered extremely, and the ſkin of my face peeled off entirely. By the kindneſs of providence, and the civil attentions of the very few reſident members of this little religious eſtabliſhment, I recovered ſufficient ſtrength, in four or five days, to follow my companions, and with one faithful guide, my muleteer, June the ninth, as ſoon as we could diſpoſe ourſelves

ſelves and our baggage conveniently on two mules, I left the convent.

We paſſed along the numerous villages, vineyards, and orchards, that wind round the eaſt ſide of Ætna for ten miles, when we halted to gather ſome delicious cherries that hung over the path we travelled in, which we were allowed to do gratis; and in eight miles more, after travelling full ſix hours, reached a large village, that afforded abundant refreſhment both for ourſelves and our horſes. All the ſloping ſides of Ætna, now in view, were moſt luxuriant in vineyards, mulberry-trees, ſome corn, lupines, flax, and vegetables; now and then we ſaw good oaks and walnut-trees, and many pleaſant country-ſeats and villages. A ride through a ſimilar country of twelve miles, brought us over a mountain-torrent to the foot of Taormini, the ancient Taurominium: the ſea being often near us on our right, and Ætna crowning the proſpect on our left.

I pauſed at a tolerable albergo, in a dirty village built along the ſtrand, at the foot of the lofty rocks, on a ſhelf of which Taormini ſtands. I paſſed an hour or two in gazing with aſtoniſhment on the rocky pinnacles which overhang Taormini, on the ſummit of one of which the Saracens erected a town; and on another, ſtill more abrupt, a caſtle perched like the eagle's neſt. I then retired to reſt, and early the following morning aſcended theſe eminences to viſit the theatre of old Taurominium and modern Taormini. The maſter of my albergo was my guide: he had done his beſt the preceding evening, with his wife and daughter, to amuſe me by an officious impertinent ſort of civility, and now would mount his little aſs to conduct me, by the winding path, up the rock that leads to the theatre.

We paſſed through the town of Taormini in our way. It ſtands upon a moſt commanding eminence that overhangs the ſea, fine meadows, and immenſe rocky cliffs, and is itſelf over-topped by the eagle's neſt-rock above mentioned. In the town I paſſed ſeveral beautiful remnants of the delicate Gothic architecture of the middle ages. I ſat down to breakfaſt at the old theatre. It ſtands on a ſtill finer eminence than the town itſelf, and is deemed the moſt perfect in Sicily, if not in the world. The gradine, or ſeats, are very numerous: the chord of the loweſt is not leſs than ſeventy paces. The whole, with the wall environing them, are pretty entire. It appears to have been originally ornamented with many marble pillars and cornices; broken ſhafts, beautiful capitals, and ſmall ſhattered remains of ancient ſculpture, lying ſcattered within the area. At eight in the morning, I purſued my journey to Meſſina along the ſea-coaſt. The diſtance is thirty long miles. I had the ſea on my right; many ſmall towns, in the mountainous country, on my left; and ſometimes little caſtles crowning the brows of the moſt abrupt eminences. One I have ſketched about four miles from Taor-

mini, whoſe baſe is bathed by the ſea. The vine ſeemed every where the favourite ſubject of culture; and with olive and ſometimes mulberry trees, is introduced in almoſt every corner where there has been a ſufficient depoſit of ſoil for their nouriſhment.

About mid-day, I had a clear view of the oppoſite coaſt of Calabria to the eaſt of my road, on my right, bending toward the ſtreight of Meſſina, where Scylla and Charybdis were wont to terrify the coaſting navigators of ancient days.

I dined at midway, in a ſmall poor village; and, before ſunſet, drew near the fertile environs of Meſſina. Theſe are much more artificial, leſs romantic, but not leſs extenſive and abundant than thoſe of Catania. The cultivation gradually improves as the traveller approaches Meſſina; and, for the laſt five miles, exhibits, on both ſides, a continued range of garden grounds, mulberry plantations, or orchards. This entrance to Meſſina in handſome ſtreets, ſpacious churches, and other good ſtone buildings, wears an appearance of conſiderable opulence. The city is built at the foot of a mountainous ridge, in a fertile plain, edged by a ſmall port where the land approaches within ſeven miles of the Calabrian coaſt.

The pride of Meſſina was its beautiful quay, now a ſad ruin, extending a full mile along the ſhore, and here called the Marino. The earthquake of 1783 overthrew it, and many other of the principal buildings of the city, and buried a thouſand inhabitants in the ruins. At Meſſina, Catania, and this whole length of coaſt, much ſilk is ſpun and wrought: and at Meſſina, this and other commodities provide the merchants with a tolerably briſk trade, which gives, throughout the day, much appearance of cheerfulneſs to the whole city: whereas at Catania, which has no harbour, the world ſeems aſleep till ſix in the evening, with the better ſort of inhabitants, who then, and not before, drive ſlowly about the ſtreets for an hour or two. The drive at Meſſina is on the Marino.

We received much civility at Meſſina, as indeed we had great reaſon to acknowledge during the whole of our tour in Sicily. The opera, private concerts, and faro, we found the uſual amuſements of the evening at Meſſina; and at all, the moſt obliging welcome to Engliſhmen carrying the ſlighteſt introduction.

We dined on Sunday, the 14th, with a large party of the principal inhabitants at the governor's, and found no reaſon to regret the abſence of Engliſh tables. We made a little voyage one evening, by the favour of an Engliſh captain, over Charybdis to the Calabrian coaſt.—The old whirlpool is no longer formidable; but, on its ſcite, ſome currents, troubleſome to ſmall craft, do ſtill play.

Scylla

Scylla lies ſeven or eight miles above the point of Italy on which we landed. The breadth of the ſtraight here is about ſeven miles. We found vineyards almoſt to the water's-edge, on the Italian border. We heard much of robbers in the interior, as we had done of Sicily; yet the inhabitants of the villages we ſtrolled among for an hour or two, not far from Old Rhegium, were cheerful, civil, and induſtrious. Here I firſt ſaw the aloe in bloſſom, in the wild ſtate.

June 15th, by moonlight, at evening, we left Meſſina in a ſparonaro, a ſmall veſſel without a deck, and a moveable maſt. We had a crew of eight civil Malteſe, who, with ourſelves, had juſt room enough to lie down for repoſe in the evening. We coaſted along Sicily to Cape Paſſaro, paſſing near enough to Auguſta, a town of about 12,000 inhabitants, lying between Catania and Syracuſe, to diſtinguiſh plainly the reſpectability of the buildings in it. At the Cape, we went on ſhore to procure a caſk of freſh water. I took the opportunity of ſtrolling half a mile from the coaſt to an eminence, whence I could diſcern little other vegetation than the fan-palm, on the rocky ſurface of this little deſert. I ſoon returned to the ſparonaro; and the next day at noon, after being ſqueezed for two days and three nights in our little boat, had the happineſs of arriving once again ſafe at La Valetta.

SINGULAR DEVICE *of a* FRENCH ECCLESIASTIC.

A Young French divine, who, like moſt French preachers, employed ſtrong action in the pulpit, and who was diſtinguiſhed by a graceful aſpect, a very ſonorous voice, and, in ſhort, every requiſite of declamation which can charm the hearers, and draw their attention, having aſcended the pulpit, his memory failed him at once, ſo that he quite forgot his ſermon. To come down from his pulpit would have been too diſgraceful; and to offer to ſpeak!—he had nothing to ſay. What was to be done? He reſolved to ſtay confidently where he was, and to employ both his voice and action without any but imperfect or inarticulate ſounds, ſuch as *for finally;—but;—if;—therefore, my brethren*, &c. No preacher ever ſeemed animated with more fire. He bawled as loud as poſſible; vented exclamations; beat with his feet and hands: all things trembled under him; and the roof of the church, which was very lofty and ſpacious, echoed loudly to his voice.

The whole congregation obſerved a profound ſilence; every one thruſt forward his head, and gave all poſſible attention to hear what could not poſſibly be heard. Thoſe who ſtood by the pulpit ſaid, "We are too near; there is no poſſibility of hearing." Such as were at a diſtance complained that they, by being

too far from the pulpit, loſt the fineſt doctrine in the world. To conclude, our preacher amuſed his auditors during three quarters of an hour, and left off with the applauſes of the whole congregation, who reſolved to change their ſeats, and place themſelves to more advantage the next time, and not loſe the fruits of ſo admirable a ſermon.

AN ANECDOTE.

THE earl of Cheſterfield (the author of the celebrated Letters from a Nobleman to his Son,) being at Bruſſels was waited on by Voltaire, who politely invited him to ſup with him and Madame C———. His lordſhip accepted the invitation. The converſation happening to turn upon the affairs of England, "I think, my Lord," ſaid Madame C———, "that the parliament of England conſiſts of five or ſix hundred of the beſt informed and moſt ſenſible men in the kingdom?"—"True, Madame; they are generally ſuppoſed to be ſo."—"What then, my Lord, can be the reaſon that they tolerate ſo great an abſurdity as the Chriſtian religion?" "I ſuppoſe, Madame," replied his lordſhip, "it is becauſe they have not been able to ſubſtitute any thing better in its ſtead; when they can, I don't doubt but in their wiſdom they will readily accept it."

To have entered into a ſerious defence of the goſpel of Chriſt, with ſuch a pert and flippant lady, would have been the height of folly; but ſuch an anſwer as this was calculated to do better with her than a thouſand demonſtrations, which ſhe would neither have been able nor willing to underſtand.

CURIOUS MORCEAU.

THE following *morceau* is literally copied from a board ſtuck up in a garden near York. Whether it be intended to *encourage* or *prevent* treſpaſſes, ſeems to be doubtful:

"NOTISE is here by Given Who Ever breaks the pails or Edgs in this Lain on Conviction ſhall Receivd a Rewarde of Two Guineas."

A QUESTION, *by J. Blackmore, Land Surveyor, of Clayhidon, near Wellington.*

THERE is a triangle whoſe three ſides are 20, 15, and 12 chains, reſpectively, the ſide 20 being the baſe, how far muſt I meaſure from the vertical angle on the ſide 12, to divide the triangle into two equal parts by a line drawn from a point 3486 chains from the vertical angle on the ſide 15?

Anſwer, by T. Kite, of Stockland, to J. Callaway's Charade, inſerted January 7.

MINEHEAD's the town I do ſurmiſe,
That you have hidden in diſguiſe.

§†§ We have received ſimilar anſwers from John Handford, of Bideford; D. G. of Hinton St. George; R. Trewavas, of Mouſehole; J. Chubb, of Everſhot; Adrianus; J. Toby, jun. of Starcroſs; S. Murch, R. Holwell, and W. Commins, of Exeter; J. Channon, of Ottery; T. Adey, J. Lewis, and J. B. B. of Poole; and G. Hann, jun. of Stoke Abbot.

Anſwer, by Primroſe, of Taunton, to T. Jarvis's Charade, inſerted January 14.

WHEN freed from diſcord dire, and war's alarms,
A COUNTRY LIFE abounds with pleaſure's charms:
Health, blooming health, and ſoft contentment reign,
Sweet o'er the daiſied mead, and fertile, pleaſant plain.

† We have received the like anſwer from G. Hann, jun. of Stoke Abbot; A. Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth; J. Channon, of Ottery; and Adrianus.

Anſwer, by R. Trewavas, of Mouſehole, to T. Skoel's Rebus, inſerted January 14.

FAM'D WASHINGTON's entomb'd in duſt,
So we muſt in our turn;
Ye gents. come raiſe to him a buſt,
With laurels grace his urn.

*** We have received the like anſwer from A. Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth; J. Channon, of Ottery; Orlando Seymour; T. Whicker, P. Gove, and S. Murch, of Exeter; William Kite, of Stockland; Primroſe, of Taunton; W. Giles, of St. Auſtell academy; and Adrianus.

A REBUS, *by J. Lewis, of Poole.*

YE learned wits, a number name;
Then join two vowels to the ſame;
A little ſinging-bird produce;
Take half its name, it is of uſe
To form my whole, which you will find
Oft pleaſing to the chearful mind.

A CHARADE, *by J. Callaway, of Stalbridge.*

WHEN winter, with its gloomy train,
Spreads deſolation o'er the plain,
My firſt arreſts the torrent's force,
And ſtops the ſtream's meand'ring courſe;
When ſtorms ariſe, and thunders roll,
And lightnings fly from either pole,
The tar who dauntleſs ploughs the main,
Strains ev'ry nerve my next to gain:
My whole's a realm in darkneſs bound,
Where ſcarce a lucid ray is found.

☞ *"Donald and Emma, an Iriſh Tale," is under conſideration.*
*** *Poſtage of letters muſt be paid, or their contents will not be noticed.*

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

On seeing a beautiful Rainbow after a Thunder Storm.

CHILD of the stormy west, whose sev'nfold ray
Gilds the dark brows of yon electric clouds!
The sullen tempest now is pass'd away,
Nor more the smiling sun in darkness shrouds.

The lightnings cease. The loud, the deep-ton'd roar,
That seem'd to shake the world's tremendous pole,
Can in this hemisphere now rage no more,
And o'er our heads in rude rebellion roll.

Thou beauteous arc of variegated light,
Form'd by the action of the solar rays!
On thy gay curve, so exquisitely bright,
With inward rapture I delight to gaze.

There, in imagination, lo! I see,
Seated sublime on her resplendent car,
The angel peace. Before her presence flee
The angry thunders, rolling from afar.

Turn but the eye—O what a beauteous scene!
Nature serenely smiling thro' her tears;
How animated every lively green!
How bright, how lovely ev'ry flow'r appears!

The rude impetuous torrent from the hill,
Begins his mighty roarings to abate:
Th' engaging scenes the breast with rapture fill,
And to the eye ten thousand charms create.

Instead of winds whose wild, tornado rage
"Shook the green horrors of the rural scene,"
Zephyrs advance, and in their sports engage
Round the gay bowers of their lovely green.

The gentle fays, recover'd of their fright,
From their green haunts of undisturb'd repose
Spring joyful forth to meet returning light,
And give new charms to ev'ry flow'r that blows.

Thus, at the welcome close of weary life,
The good man sees the mighty tempests cease;
No more regards corroding care and strife,
But shuts his eyes in everlasting peace.

Sherborne. B. AYRES.

A MORNING EFFUSION.

WHILST on these lofty towering rocks I stand,
And all creation opens to my view;
Whilst from the glittering main the god of day
Triumphant rises, and the verdant scene,

Brighten'd

Brighten'd by him, aſſumes a livelier tint,
What tranſport undiminiſh'd fills my breaſt!
What gratitude to Him, who made all theſe
So glorious, ſo noble, ſo complete!
Who could view this, and yet deny a Pow'r
Who made the world, and governs it in wiſdom?
Who (when he ſees the heav'n's extended arch,
Th' æthereal blue with which it is adorn'd,
And the tranſparent cloud that floats beneath)
Could ſay that all theſe things were made by chance?
Who looks upon the world, and does not ſee
The hand of God on every atom ſtamp'd?
On every leaf his glory ſhines confeſs'd:
Each object ſhews that Power muſt be divine,
Who from the formleſs, and unſeemly chaos,
Brought forth this world, and all that lives or moves;
Who gave the ſun his light, the heav'n its luſtre;
Who taught the planets their appointed courſe,
And bade the moon move in her proper ſphere;
Who form'd the madd'ning ocean by his pow'r,
That wonderful abyſs of wonders:
Who from the duſt form'd man, his laſt
But nobleſt work: to him he gave a ſoul,
To all beſides deny'd.
On his fair front he ſtamp'd the mark of king,
That all creation, conſcious of his pow'r,
Might own his ſway, and be obedient to him.
But 'tis not mortals can deſcribe his pow'r,
Angels alone are equal to the taſk:
For man, vain man, ſo limited in knowledge,
In contemplation of his excellence
Stands mute, aſtounded by the effulgent radiance
Which he too lowly cannot look upon.
E'en thought itſelf, loſt in a maze ſo intricate,
Cannot purſue the complicated path,
But ſinks, bewilder'd and amaz'd.
Man only knows (and 'tis enough for him)
That God exiſts, and that this God is juſt.

A D I E U.

ADIEU! ye tender viſions of delight,
Which flatt'ring hope's deluſive pencil drew,
When joy, gay dancing, charm'd my youthful ſight,
And, wing'd by love, the rapid movements flew.

And thou, too charming, lovely maid! farewell,
To whom alone my captive heart is given,
With whom the native, artleſs virtues dwell,
Whoſe ſoul is ſpotleſs as the light of heav'n.

Now driv'n from thee, and torn from all I love,
I go to wind my ſolitary way;
But ſtill where'er my devious footſteps rove,
My heart can never from my Lydia ſtray.

O! ceaſe, ye throbbing tumults in my heart,
And thou, too buſy, mournful mem'ry ceaſe,
Soon ſhall my woes in calm quieſcence reſt,
The calm quieſcence of eternal peace.

Wide o'er the tomb where reſts my lonely head,
When in the dilmal ſpace for ever laid,
The ſombrous yew its branching arms ſhall ſpread,
And moon beams glimmer thro' the ſolemn ſhade!

H. S.